THE CHARACTER OF A Modern Tory; IN A LETTER to a FRIEND.

By which it is evident, that he is the most *Unnatural* and *Destructive Monster* (both in *Religion* and *Politicks*) that hath yet appear'd in any Community in the World.

Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum! Virg.

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SIR,

IN the last Letter which I had the Honour to receive from you, I find you fix'd in a Resolution to have the Character of a *TORY* from my Hands. I must confess my self to have been surpriz'd at the Demand, and was two or three times in the Mind to do my utmost to dissuade you from it; lest, even when obtain'd, it should prove an ungrateful Information, and have a direct Tendency to disturb the Serenity of a Life, which I expect now might be reasonably given up to Tranquillity and Repose.

A Man (like your self) that loves his Country's Good and Welfare, when he finds he is no longer able to increase and advance it, might please and delight himself with the

Remembrance of his past Endeavours, make Virtue her own Reward, and be contented with that flourishing State, to which (while he was trusted with the Means) he assisted to raise his Country: And 'tis much better to be made to quit her Service, in the Heighth of her Glory, than to make use of her Power and Credulity in the treacherous Design of her Abasement and Destruction.

The *Stoic* Philosophers, to prevent being disturb'd by unwelcome Ideas, were sure to put them as far from their Minds as possible; and chose to dwell upon contemplating the Sublime, and in the Praises and Definitions of those Virtues which made up their Happiness; they thought it sufficient to know, and be, good; without concerning themselves about things that could not but tend to their Uneasiness and Disquiet; especially when they fore-saw their Curiosity could be no ways serviceable to their Country or themselves.

A *reigning National Evil*, indeed, when there's a Poſſibility of Detecting it, without diſturbing the Publick Quiet, makes the Search and Enquiry not only neceſſary but commendable: But when 'tis plain and evident, that this is not to be done, other than by Violence, and throwing the Conſtitution into Convulſions, the Malignancy may as well have its Courſe, leſt (in future Story) it ſhould be ſaid of our Country,

Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charibdin.

and therefore I eſteem it prudent to be leſs curious about the melancholy Courſe of Things when there's no ſeeming Probability to avoid or cure them.

The impartial Character of a *True TORY* will diſcover a *Hydra* of *treaſonable Blood-ſuckers*; who, like the young Pelicans, feed on the Blood of their Dam; have an inſatiable Deſire to devour the Vitals of a moſt

indul-

indulgent Mother, and to make her moſt dutiful Sons fall a Sacrifice to an Idol of their own ſetting up, that's more cruel and terrible than *Moloch*, and who, in the End, will infallibly deſtroy his Adorers. Thus it is with this Set of Men, who are continually crying out, *High Church*, and *Loyalty*, and branding all others with the unjuſt Characters of *Hypocrites* and *Traytors*, whilſt they themſelves are guilty of the *vileſt Profaneneſs*, and the *fouleſt Treaſons*.

It cannot but amaze and aſtoniſh you, when you find it poſſible for Men, ſome of them well deſcended and educated, the worthy Actions of whoſe Relations and Anceſtors will make a bright Leaf in Hiſtory, deſervedly rang'd under the abſurd, incongruous, contradicting, and inconſiſtent Pretenſions of a *TORY!*

The worſt and greateſt Part of this unhappy, diſtracted Nation, are under a *Delirium*, which makes them giddy-headed, blind, and go backwards;

wards ; who, if it were poſſible to open their Eyes, and diſpel their Enchantments,(for nothing can be more like the Power of Magick !) they would perceive one Hand putting on a Chain, the other ſurrendring their Religion and Liberties, and *B——ia* weeping, as one who refuſes to be comforted for her Children, who are as Strangers in their own Land ; this is the End of all their Managements, and if they don't caſt about and recover their Reaſon, the fatal Blow will be given that will put an utter End to all the Bleſſings and Happineſs of the moſt glorious Conſtitution in the World.

The hopeleſs Proſpect of this pleaſing Change convinces me, there's no *Aſylum* like the exquiſite Delight and Sweetneſs of a rural Retirement ; whence all the Vices and Diſtractions of a Court and Town are baniſh'd ; no unnatural Politicks, no Envying others Preferments,no Perſonal Piques, nor Factious Quarrels, have there

any

any Place. I can think of nothing that could incite you to make this Demand, but ſome Teint, at leaſt, of a C—rt Infection, which, upon Account of the Elections, may extend it ſelf ſo as to range within the Compaſs of your delightful Habitation. However, I am convinc'd, that if you have been preſent with the buſy World upon thoſe Occaſions, you might have ſpared me this Trouble, (which I only call ſo for the ſake of the Subject) for I make no queſtion but that they are much the ſame in all Places. I am ſure, for my own Part, as ſoon as my Affairs will diſcharge me from the Town, I ſhall immediately prepare to remove, and leave and forget it both together.

Yet, after all, I am ſenſible you expect I ſhould give you Satisfaction concerning the Contents of your laſt Letter; but I muſt deſire you to make Uſe of all your Experience and Philoſophy, when you read it; leſt (contrary to my Deſign) it ſhould diſturb the

the Serenity of your Mind, and provoke you to sacrifice your Happiness to some fruitless Essays for the Good of an inexorable and ungrateful Generation.

You may remember to have read, with me, the *TORY*'s Character, in a Paper dispers'd in the latter Part of K. *Charles* II's Reign: How just it might be I was then no proper Judge; but I am sure, with a few Variations and Additions 'tis drawn for him to the Life now. I have sent you down the Original, that, at your Pleasure, you may compare them, and see the Difference of his Features; for the Man is still the same, tho' Age has made an Alteration in his Face.

But here I must desire you to observe that I don't intend this Character should fit exactly all those who are *call'd* TORIES, or who *call* themselves so. For there are many deluded Wretches among them, who don't in the least dream of these terrible Consequences; who were made

to believe the Church was in Danger; that the Queen was to be depos'd, and a Common-wealth set up; that the D. of *M*——— was to have been voted Protector, and that the Wealth of the Nation was design'd a Sacrifice to the Ambition of him and the rest of the *Whiggish* Ministry; that the Army was ill paid, rob'd of their Bread, and made to fight for no other End: That the *Whiggs* were Enemies to Peace; and that we had better given some Millions to the *French* King rather than have gone into the War at all; that 'twas best for preserving the Balance of *Europe*, to let the H. of *Bourbon* have *France*, *Spain*, and the *W. Indies*; and to open a free Trade with *France* for the Encouragement of our Woollen and Silk Manufactures; that the Consumption of *French* Wine and Brandy here was more beneficial to the Nation than that of her own Liquors; and abundance of things of the like Nature, which were easily swallow'd

when

when their Eyes were ſhut, and their other Senſes debauch'd: Yet theſe, at the beſt, are but Defenſive *TORIES*, that are contented with their own Belief, and will let others quietly injoy theirs, without (the eſſential peculiar Qualities of the *True ones*) Malice and Ill-will; and now the M——'s chang'd, (till they be undeceiv'd) think all's well, and ſet to Rights again. But your *Rigid TORIES* go a great way farther; and, when their Swearing and Curſing, Noiſe and Nonſence, are not ſufficient to convince you, will ſend you to the D——l their Maſter for further Confutation.

'Tis for ſuch I draw this Character, which fits them exactly; and if any of them ſhould be diſpleaſed with ſeeing it thus expos'd; in a little time, they may ſee the *Definition of a Right Whigg*, remark the Difference, and (if poſſible) recover their Senſes, prove wiſe and loyal Subjects, good Chriſtians, and no longer

the *Heavineſs* but Delight *of their Mother.*

The CHARACTER of a Modern TORY.

A *Modern TORY* is a *Monſter* with an *Engliſh* Face, a *French* Heart, and an *Iriſh* Conſcience. A Creature with a large *Forehead*, prodigious *Mouth*, ſupple *Hams*, and of *no* Brains. The Country-man's Deſcription of him was both Rhyme and Reaſon; *Roary*, *Whory*, *Swory*, *Scory*, that's a *TORY*; for *Noiſe* and *Debauchery*, *Oaths* and *Beggary*, are the four Elements that compoſe him: His Arms are thoſe of *Iſſachar*, an *Aſs couchant:* He is diſtinguiſhable by the *Colour* of his *Face*, which ſhews his Relation to the *Scarlet Whore*, by her *bloody* Livery; and a *Wedding Favour* of that Colour would well become him, whenever *Popery* and *Tyranny* ſhall make a *Match* together, at

at which he is to be *Bride-man.* He seems descended from *Esau*, since he is so ready to truck away an invaluable *Birth-right* for a *French Trifle*, and a nauseous Mess of *Italian Pottage:* Or, if you will run his *Pedigree* higher, you may call him a *Noddite*, one of the Race of *Cain* the *Murderer*; that would fain be *persecuting* his Brother, meerly because he is *more righteous* than himself.

Take our *TORIES* in the *State* and they are *Caterpillars*, that devour every *green thing* in a *flourishing Kingdom*, and would stab *Liberty* and *Property* to the Heart, that they themselves, like *Beasts of Prey*, might live wholly upon *Spoil* and *Rapine*, fit only to be Subjects to *Nebuchadnezzar*, when bereav'd of Human Sense, who herded with the *wild Asses of the Desert.* Though they boast themselves *Englishmen*, yet they act in all things as *Antipodes* to their Native Country, and seem rather *Bog-trotters* transplanted, the *Spawn* of some *Red-*

shanks,

ſhanks, or the *By-blows* of the old lazy Lord *Danes*, that once domineer'd over our Anceſtors. They are a ſort of *wild Boars*, that would *root out* the Conſtitution, and break the Ballance of our happy Government; and render that *Deſpotic* which has hitherto been both *Eſtabliſh'd* and *Bounded by Law*: *Fauxes* in Maſquerade, that with *Dark-lanthorn Politics* and *Politicians*, would *blow up* the Bulwarks of our Conſtitution, our *Religion*, and our *Laws*, making uſe of the *Church* as if it were a *Word* only, and the *Laws* as if they knew not the right Uſe of a *Word* in them. *Parliaments* are *cry'd up* and *decry'd* only as they *countenance* and *join in*, or *croſs* or *fall out with* their Meaſures; for which Purpoſe, a *Parliament* of *Paris* is more proper than a *Parliament* of *England*, and their Maxims and Managements plainly tend towards making *this* like *that*. They are ſo certain that *Monarchy* is *Jure Divino*; that they look upon all People living under *Ariſto-*

cracys

cracys, or *Democracys*, to be in a State of *Damnation*; and fancy, that the *Grand Seignor*, the Czar of *Muſcovy*, and the *French* King, dropt down from *Heaven* with *Crowns* on their *Heads*, and that all their Subjects were born with *Saddles* on their *Backs*. Your *True TORY* is as fond of *Slavery* as others are of *Liberty*; and would be, ſeemingly, at as much Pains and Charge to obtain it; for he envies the *Happineſs* of *Canvas Breeches*, and *Wooden Shoes*, and extremely admires the *Mercy* of the *Inquiſition*. He rails at *Magna Charta*, as the *Seed-plot* of *Sedition*, ſwears that it was firſt obtain'd by *Rebellion*, and that our Fore-fathers were *Rogues* and *Fools*, and did not underſtand *Prerogative*. He wonders why People ſhould ſquander away their Time, at the *Inns of Court*, or what Need there is either of the *Common Law* or the *Statute-Book*, ſince the Prince might at any Time, with quicker Diſpatch, *declare his Pleaſure* in any

Point

Point or Controverſy, and each *Loyal Subject* bound to acquieſce on Pain of *Damnation*. He thinks it alſo his *Duty*, when it's agreeable to the Inclinations of the Prince, or his Miniſters, to *Vote* and *Addreſs againſt* his *Country*'s *Religion*, *Honour*, *Integrity*, and *Intereſt*, and his *own Privileges*; and betray her *Power* and *TRADE* to her moſt inveterate Enemies, tho' in the time of their greateſt Subjection and Diſtreſs. Yet after all, his *boaſted Loyalty* extends no farther than a *drunken Health*; he *roars* and *ſwaggers*, but does not *ſerve* his Prince: He promiſes *Mountains*, and by *Lies* and *Miſrepreſentations* gives *falſe Meaſures*, but performs *nothing*: Nor is it the *Cauſe* but the *Cruſt* that he barks for.

Then in relation to the *Church*, *TORY* is either a *Crab-Proteſtant*, that *crawls backwards*, as faſt as he can, to *Rome*; or at beſt but the *Cat's Foot* wherewith the *Romiſh Monkeys* claw the *Proteſtant Religion* till the Blood comes;

comes; one that does their *Drudgery*, tho' he has not always the Wit to see it; and all the Wages he must expect is, *Polypheme*'s *Courtesy*, to be devour'd *last*. He is a *Flambeau* kindled by the *Jesuits*, and flung in to make a *Combustion* among us. Formerly, while we were *hunting down* their *Plot* with a full Cry, they slip'd in their *deep-mouth'd Hound*, who, spending on a *false Scent*, diverted the *Chase*, and so the *Popish Puss squatted safe in her Form*; and now quitting the Pursuit of the *Foxes*, he sets himself to worry the *Sheep*. He pretends *HIGH* for the *Church of England*; but as he understands not, and mistakes, her *Doctrine*, so he dishonours her by his Hetorodox *Principles*, and his Lewd *Life* and *Conversation*. What a pretty pious Confession of Faith is it to near a Bully cry, *G— Damn me, I am for the Church of* England *and Dr.* Sacheverell, *and all the Presbyterians are Sons of Whores.* Indeed, the only Proof, both of his

Religion and *Courage* is, That he *swears* most frequently by that tremendous Name at which *lesser Devils tremble*; and his *Christianity* consists in *Cursing* all those he is pleased to call *Phanaticks*, and *Phanaticks* he is pleased to call all those that are not content to be either *Papists*, *Atheists*, or *Jacobites*. His Tongue is always tip'd with *D— me*, *forty-one*, and *eighty-eight*; and so *hot*, (being set on Fire of *Hell*) that he is fain to *drink Healths*, sometimes to the *Pretender*, sometimes to the *Pope*, and sometimes to the *Devil*, several times in an hour, to *cool* it; and then belches out *Huzzas* as fast as Mount *Strombolo* does Fire and Brimstone.

While he clamours at *Dissenters* for not coming to *Church*, he thinks 'tis *canonical* enough to *sleep* over the Lord's Day, to *digest* the *Fumes* of Saturday's *Debauch*; or *take a Walk* in St. *Paul's*, peep in at the Preacher, and presently retire to the Tavern for a Whet before Dinner, or else

take

take a Turn in the Fields, or meet the Club of *witty Good-mockers*, and droll away the Day in *Blaſphemy*, *Fudling*, *Ridiculing Religious Duties*, or *Inventing Jack-pudding Lies* of ſome pretended *Nonconformiſt*'s Preaching. If he be ſomewhat of a more ſerious Temper, he is as very a *Bigot* as any in the Papacy; he would rather have *no Preaching*, than that the *Surplice* ſhould be *left off*, and thinks his Child *not Chriſtned*, if it be not done with the Sign of the *Croſs*; he counts *opus operatum* ſufficient, and if he had but been at *Common Prayer*, and made his *Reſponſes* loud enough to drown the Clark, and had the Parſon's Bleſſing, his Task is done, and all's well. *Fleſh* on a *Friday* is more *abominable* to him than his Neighbour's *Bed*; and he abhors more *not to bow* at the Syllables of the Word *Jeſus*, than to *ſwear* by the Name of *God*.

He has got a *New Engliſh Dictionary*, fram'd by the indefatigable Skill of *Abel* and the *Examiner*; whereby

he has the Assurance *to addresſ* and *make Speeches*, *clamour* and *diſpute*, in the moſt *contradicting*, *impertinent* and *treaſonable* Terms, without being either *underſtood* or *cenſur'd*. His *Argument* is maintain'd by his *Bullying Noiſe*, *unparallel'd Impudence*, and in an *abominable Jargon* of hard Words, with which he *amazes* and *deludes* the Ignorant, and *confounds* the Underſtandings of the Wiſe. Talk *ſoberly* of *Religion*, and he flaps you over the Face with *Hereſy*, *Schiſm*, *Fanaticiſm*, and *Faction*, and roundly calls you *Confounded Whigg*, and ſo you are confuted. Urge never ſo modeſtly *legal fundamental Rights*, and mention *Irregularities*, and the *Privileges* and *Authority* of *Britiſh Parliaments*, and he cries out, *Faction*, *Diſloyalty*, *You ruin the Kingdom*, *arraign the Government*, *diſtruſt the Q——*, *&c.* And except our *Parliaments* ſtrike intirely into his Meaſures, he encourages every Prentice-Boy to *cenſure* their grave Proceedings as malepertly as if they

they were but a Company of *Fidlers*.

Yet ſtill he *fears not God* ſo much as a True *Britiſh Parliament*; but the Reaſon why he *blaſphemes* the one, and *rails* at the other, is, becauſe, as he really believes not a *future Judgment* in the *other* World; ſo he puts a-far off, the other (to him) *evil Day* in *this*, and hopes to eſcape the *Juſtice* of both by the Mediation of St. *Noli Proſequi*.

This, Sir, is the juſt Character of thoſe Men, by whoſe Principles and Perſwaſions the beſt and wiſeſt of our former Princes have been baited to their Ruin. I heartily wiſh Her preſent Majeſty may diſtruſt and avoid them, as well out of Regard to her own Honour, as to the Nations Safety, and continue to be, as ſhe has already been, the Glory of Her Country, and the Delight of the Earth. *Amen*.

Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

I shall conclude with a few Verses out of the 3d Volume of *State-Poems*, Page 422. written in the last Reign, and

Spoken by the Genius of *England*.

When shall I be at rest? will pleasing Peace
No more return to smile on my Recess?
Must hateful Jars, and dire Contentions reign,
And High-Church Parties rule the British *Main?*
Shall Mother Church be still the specious Bait
For crafty Villains to destroy the State?
And will ye tamely with the Traytors side,
Who thus your Land occasionally divide?
Will ye to Wreck, ye Britons, *give the Realm,*
Whilst B—b— *Pilots steer the yielding Helm?*
Shall Faction dare to spread its baneful Seed,
And will no Patriot on the Monster tread,
To crush to Atoms its aspiring Head?
For shame ye Britons, *now your Feuds decline,*
Nor swallow, with such Ease, a French *Design:*
Let your just Rage upon your Foes be shown,
In G—— *Blood your just Resentments drown,*
But rend not with such Strife the harmless Town.

'Tis

'Tis you, ye TORIES, *who this Heat foment,*
Railing at Millions by low Church-men spent,
Whilst your dear selves have just the same Intent.
This is the only Difference can be seen,
They spent to keep the French *out, you'd spend to let them in.*
Ye are the Churches Bullies, who have made
Such Noise to have its Mint and Anice paid:
Whilst Clemency and Peace, its purest Springs,
Ye turn a-side, as idle useless things.
Too long, too long have your pernicious Wiles
Been practis'd on this hapless Land; your Smiles
Suspected grow; nay, e'en a common Eye,
Without a Glass your Actions may descry,
Too deeply ting'd with Fraud and Villany.
Tell us the Cause of all your loud Complaints;
We know you well, tho' ye would seem such Saints;
Papists, Socinians, Atheists, Arians, all
Do for the Church unanimously bawl.

Alass, poor Church! how art thou fallen of late,
When such as these must prop thy sinking State!

Lest

Leſt honeſt Whigs the Church ſhould under-
mine,
And Anarchy ſucceed——————
Or, what they hate as bad, the lawful Line.

Delude us then no more with idle Tales,
But ſay expreſly that the Prince of W——
Ye to th' Imperial Power would advance,
And baſely court the Grand Monarch of F——
This, TORIES, is your Aim, but learn
to fear,
Whilſt my lov'd Britons Naſſaw's *Name re-*
vere;
The Throne ſhall be ſecure from ſpurious Race,
And Perkin *ſhall to* Hanover *give Place.*

I remain,

SIR,

Yours, *&c.*

FINIS.